Our Boys and Girls

WE GO A-SHOPPING IN KOREA.

Our ricksha men came up the path beside the door. The path slopes down to a larger path, leading to a little road leading to a bigger road, leading to the big road Fortunately for me, my friend got in the front ricksha, and off we started. She was heavy, and her man was light. Down the path they went like the wind, too fast to turn into the bigger path which leads to the litle road, leading to a bigger road which leads to the big road. On they went, over bush, through brier, uphill, down dale, over flower beds around trees, till we expected to see them mount up over the compound wall. It wasn't a case of a runaway horse but of a driver running away, or trying to run over his horse.

Korean Woman.

My man dug in his toes and toddled along carefully, lest I should run over him.

The other man got control at last and made his way out of the compound safely. But here was another hill, and we went down that like a windmill. Two Korean women passed, and gave the customary salutation, "Where are you going, lady?" To this the lady replied, "I don't know; maybe I'm going to die." The hills passed, we settled down to a steady trot over the level road which leads to the shopping district of Pyeng Yang. Right down the middle of the road we went, for in Pyeng Yang there are no sidewalks, and the sewers run merrily along the roadside. The heavily laden bulls crowd us almost into the ditch, men, carrying great loads on their backs, turn their heads to gaze at the foreigners. On one corner a woman, wrinkled and bent, is selling hot

Korean Family.

ears of corn. A little farther on, a younger woman is serving the public with hot cakes from a frying pan over a hibachi, or charcoal stove. A vendor of poultry sets his crate of live fowls down before the purchaser. There are chickens, geese, great bustards, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds, and pheasants, with soft, beautiful plumage all cheap and plentiful.

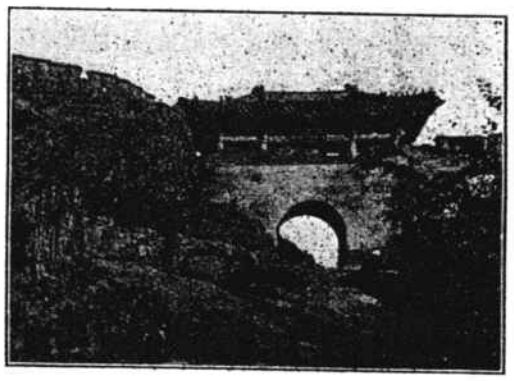
Along either side of the road are the shops, little one-story mud buildings with thatched roofs. The fronts of the shops are open, and the goods spread out within reach of everyone.

There are meat markets, where beef of an inferior quality may be bought and fish in great variety. There are fruit shops, and shoe stores. Here quaint straw shoes are spread out for sale. The basket shops fascinated me. There is such a variety of shapes, and very pretty and well-made baskets may be bought for two or three cents apiece. In many instances, one sees the process of manufacture going on at the back of the store.

Korea is noted for its beautiful brasses. Tea-kettles, trays, incense sets, candlesticks, all from the hand of the skilled brass-maker, are marvelously cheap.

There are many grain stores, where the varieties of grain are exhibited in flat, woven baskets. In one grain store the woman in charge was amusing her naked baby by bouncing it up and down in a basket of grain. In another store, two boys were sitting in the baskets, picking over the grain.

Whenever we stopped to price things, the street would become nearly blocked with people jostling one another to get a look at the foreign pweens.



Gate, Seoul, Korea.

The hat shops of Korea are most interesting. While we were examining the men's hats—Korean women do not wear hats—word was spread that we were buying hats. Soon we were besieged by a crowd of men selling hats; scholars' hats, mourners' hats—immense affairs—married men's hats, and just plain horsehair hats. Men came from all quarters with hats, hat bags, and hat strings to sell us. I think some of them took off their own hats and offered them for sale, for many shown to us were so dirty that we knew they had been worn. We each bought a scholars' hat, a queer, winged affair, for fifteen cents apiece. We also bought the bamboo and amber strings with which wealthy men tie on their hats.

In one of the Japanese stores we listened to phonographs operated by two little Japanese boys about four years old, who looked very quaint in their kimonos. It was a picture with a complete Japanese-Korean setting—the crowd peering in at the front of the store, the two tiny boys, the Japanese proprietors, at the phonograph, and the two foreign ladies sitting on a low bench.

As we rose to go, the music ceased and the crowd scattered. We had an auto ride home. There are two or three cars which are used as jitneys, but the fare is seven cents instead of a nickel, as in America. These few American touches make the town seem more strongly oriental by contrast. As we rode along, men and children and bulls started and scattered wildly at our approach.

A Department Store, Seoul, Korea.

Korean embroidery and rare laces, curious, beautiful and quaint, may be purchased for a trifle; but the necessities of civilization are prohibitive in price, and sometimes impossible of attainment. If one wishes needles, or hooks and eyes, or a comb to replace the broken article, one must wait two months for the mails to transact the purchase and delivery.

Butter and milk are unknown here, and must be brought from Russia in tin cans. Tea is plentiful and good, but coffee and sugar are luxuries.—Selected.

A LITTLE SCOTCH HERO.

Burt and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their Scotch cousin came to live with them in America. He was little, but very bright, and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland and his voyage across the ocean. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying, and he advanced finely. At night, before the close of school, the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer, "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say "Ten" if he had not whispered during the day, he replied, "I have whispered."

"More than once?"

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie, that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book; then I lent a slate pencil ,and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule, and nobody could keep it; nobody does."

"I will, or else I will say I haven't," said Willie.

"Do you suppose I will tell ten lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us at night if we were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Willie, bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with all his might in playtime, but, according to his account, he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight" oftener than they used to. Yet the schoolroom seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes, when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly but said no more of disgrace. Willie